

"Carrying On" in France

By L. T. CURTIS WHEELER
of The Vigilantes

(These two pictures of French life are given in a recent letter from France by the author of "Letters from an American Soldier to His Father.")

Before I turn over for good this one of many other pages, I must draw for you two little pictures.

The first I saw one sunny afternoon when the shadows were beginning to lengthen out. Three of us, Americans all, were walking down a country road that bordered a rolling field. In the distance, at the end of one long straight black furrow, a figure was toiling at a two-horse plow. As it turned and started back, after considerable confusion, we could make out two horses, a steady old white one, and a frisky bay. The old white horse plodded steadily along in the furrow just made, using what little strength he had as cleverly as an aged expressman. But the bay, being little more than a colt, bounded up into draught and back again, to left and right, like a green wheel-horse on a calisson. As the team came closer, we looked with amazement at the figure guiding it. It was a boy of ten.

The French two-horse plow is hung different from ours, and does not require as much weight on the handles; but even so, he had practically to ride it all the way. It was plain that riding it when it threatened to twist off or up required every ounce of strength the kid had. Yet each moment he applied it at just the right moment and just the right place, so the furrow remained deep and true.

As the team came just below us in the field and started to turn for the next furrow, something went wrong. The boy was busy swinging his plow around and didn't see it in time. When he looked at the horses they were all tangled up, the bay lunging desperately into her old team-mate. He had only a single rein to the right horse and on this he yanked and shrilled at them valiantly enough. They quailed obediently at the sound of his voice, but seemed unable to move. He dashed forward cracking his whip, but nothing happened.

Never Felt So Ashamed.

Then I saw where the bay had her off hind snarled up in the trace, and hopped off down the road. It was only a second's work to lift her foot out and straighten the trace. As I stood up the youngster came to me, thanked me, and looked at me squarely with his clear blue eyes. I have never felt so ashamed. In all my life.

There he stood, the sweat of a long day's work beaded on his brow, in ridiculous big looped-up trousers and huge wooden shoes—his father's. And there we stood, three great hulking, broad-shouldered figures, against the sun, who had done no man's work all that day. There might be other days, to be sure, but this day was gone, and here was this boy, plowing for France.

There was an awkward silence and one of the men, moved curiously by I know not what, offered the youngster a package of cigarettes. He smiled and shook his head, saying, obviously enough, "ne fume pas." "For your father," insisted the man, and I wished the words unsaid; "or your brother." The boy said nothing for a minute, his eyes clouding a little, and in the interval he had grown much larger than we. We stood before him like truncheons. Finally he took the cigarettes, wadded them down into his bagging trousers, chirruped cheerfully enough to his team, and plodded steadily on across the field. Behind us, on the hill-top, three crosses stood black against the sun.

The second picture I saw but two days before I left, as I was walking up the hill to dinner. The sun had set as I left the village and the frogs in the pond below the horse-trough, where the ducks quacked and dabbled in the mud all day, were beginning to sing their evening song. Suddenly I heard the pitter-patter of many feet. The road ahead was packed as far as the next turn with sheep. On they came, butting each other from side to side and occasionally bawling querulously. Their even, gray-white backs seemed to pave the road evenly from side to side, until you began to see, darning back and forth, scores of little lambs.

As I watched, two mongrel dogs, guardians of the flock, came bounding silently along one side. A lamb had strayed up on the bank there and they pounced upon it to turn it back. But one of them bit too deep, and not even pure sheep-dogs are always proof against blood. I saw what would happen in a minute and leaped on the bank. At my approach, the dogs skulked off like a military policeman discovered in a cafe after closing hours. The lamb lay motionless, blood running from its nose.

The Mothers of France.

I called the universal French appeal for someone, anyone—"Dia done!" and was answered immediately. The sheep bunched stupidly in the road below, in sight of home, while a little girl toiled up the bank. She looked at the lamb dispassionately, kicked it, and it rose to its feet immediately and rushed back to the flock, too frightened almost to bleat.

Then she called the nearest dog. He pretended not to hear at first, and then crawled up to her on his belly. She held him by one ear, and kicked with all her might at his stomach. He shut his eyes and screamed for mercy, but never budged. This finished, she let him go, and he squatted behind her, watching what he knew would follow.

Then, while it grew darker, she called the other dog, who was now just a shadow on the hillside. She was, very, very small, but she was absolutely determined and eventually he came cringing up. The other dog waited till she was through, and then they both raced back to their proper places on either flank of the flock and started to drive the sheep on home.

When the dogs stood on their feet without cringing they came up almost to the little girl's shoulder. I do not think she was more than eight years old. She smiled at me, with the unconsciousness of little children, and hastened back to the flock. I stood there for some time watching her tiny figure striding down the road, driving the flock before her. No one could have any doubt that she would handle any situation which might arise. Of such are the mothers of France.

MOTHER OF MEN

By ALICE WARD BAILEY
of The Vigilantes.

Mother of men, do not mourn,
They have taken your mirth and joy;
And your empty arms
And your soul's alarms
Are now all that life can show—
But look at that flag so proudly borne!
Mother of men, do not mourn.

Mother of men, do not mourn,
They have broken your heart, you say;
And the radiant gleams
Of our happy dreams
Have all been driven astray—
But for Heaven and Earth your cross is borne—
Mother of men, do not mourn.

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BRAVADO AND THE WAR

By ROBERT GRANT
of The Vigilantes.

Recently during an intermission at the movies a performer came out and sang with gusto a song, which pleased the audience about "Pershing Crossing the Rhine." Every few days one reads headlines in the newspapers proclaiming that nine Americans have repulsed or vanquished 33 Germans. This is a tale of war.

Our delay in the production of ships and airplanes and guns may have been unavoidable, seeing that the people are thinking God that the United States entered the war unprepared, but we should at least refrain from bravado, stop boasting of what we are going to do and recognize the gravity of our undertaking. I heard an American officer high in command say not long ago, "If our troops ever reach Berlin, when they come to a certain building—the quarters of the German military staff, let them lift their hats." He spoke from the point of view of military prowess.

It is meet for Americans to bear in mind that all other wars which they or any other people have fought were child's play compared with this the most terrible and relentless contest in history, and that their part in it has only just begun. Let us cease to hug the delusion that our troops are "over there" to show the others how to fight and that all will soon be over but the shouting. Let us open our minds to the grim truth that this war which we have pledged ourselves to win is likely to be a supreme test of American energy, endurance and self-sacrifice and to cost thousands of American lives. We are all of the belief that no man is braver than an American, but it is indispensable that we appreciate the quality of the foe against whom we are pitted; that he is the arch-foe of military competency and power, the ruthless, unwavering embodiment of mastery force and resistance, a monster of resourcefulness such as the world has never seen.

The prophecy that Pershing will cross the Rhine had better be postponed until he arrives in sight of it, and the confidence that two of Uncle Sam's soldiers can handle three of the enemy be put in cold storage until a later stage of the conflict.

DON'T SELL YOUR BOND

By HAROLD A. LAMB
of The Vigilantes.

Your Liberty Bond—whether it is for \$50 or \$5,000—is your savings. To sell it is to lose your savings. The longer you keep your bond, the more valuable it is going to be.

It does no good to Uncle Sam to subscribe to his loan, and then sell the amount of your subscription. Many of us have strained ourselves to buy the bonds, and necessity may force some of us to get the money back. But the way to do this is not to sell a bond. Dishonest sharpers will take your bonds and give you, say, \$30 for the \$100.

If you must have money, go to a reliable bank or broker. They will lend you \$30 on the \$100, and the interest on your bond will nearly pay the interest on the money they lend you. Then by paying the loan, you can have the bond back.

Uncle Sam's securities are making money for you while you hold them. Two years after the war ends they will be worth—it is estimated—\$110. If the war ends in three years or under you will then be receiving 64 per cent—on the safest investment in the world!

THEY SHALL NOT PASS

By ALISON BROWN
of The Vigilantes.

They shall not pass—
While Britain's sons draw breath,
While strength is theirs to strike with shining sword.
They shall not pass—
Except they pass to Death—
For British fighting men have pledged their word.

They shall not pass—
For France knows no defeat,
Nor hesitates to nobly pay the price.
They shall not pass—
Till brave hearts cease to beat,
And none shall stand to fall in secret.

They shall not pass—
America will stand
As long as life can answer her, "I come!"
They shall not pass—
To strike the loved land,
That Freedom's children rise to call their home.

When a woman becomes a wife she immediately presumes that she is responsible not only for the socks but the soul of her husband.—Baltimore Sun.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By REV. F. B. FITZWATER, D. D.,
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Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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LESSON FOR AUGUST 11

HELPING OTHERS.

LESSON TEXTS—Luke 10:35-37; Galatians 6:1-10.
GOLDEN TEXT—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.—Galatians 6:2.
DEVOTIONAL READING—Galatians 5:22-26.

PRIMARY LESSON MATERIAL—Luke 10:35-37.
INTERMEDIATE, SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Who needs our help, and how can we best give it?
ADDITIONAL MATERIAL—Proverbs 17:17; Matthew 5:42; Romans 12:10-15; 1 Corinthians 13:1-13; 1 John 3:16-18.

1. Being a Neighbor (Luke 10:35-37).

The story of the Good Samaritan is Christ's answer to the lawyer's question: Who is our neighbor? He shifts the question so as to show that the supreme concern is not who is our neighbor, but whose neighbor are we? If I am Christ's, my supreme concern will be to find those who have need that I may be a neighbor to them. If we love God supremely, we shall find all along life's highway souls who have been wounded and robbed by sin, whom we can love as ourselves. To be a neighbor is to—

1. See those about us who need help (v. 35).
Love is keen to discern need. Let us be on the lookout for those in need of our help.

2. Have compassion on the needy (v. 36).
Christ's pity was aroused as he came into contact with those who were suffering and in need. All those who have his nature will be likewise moved.

3. Go to those in need (v. 34).
Many are willing to give money to help the poor and needy, but are unwilling to personally minister to them. Many times the personal touch is more important than the material aid. We should give ourselves as well as our money.

4. Bind up the wounds (v. 34).
Many indeed are the wounds today which need our attention.

5. Set the helpless ones on their feet (v. 34).
This is a proof that the love is genuine. Christians will deny themselves in order to have something to give to those who have need. This kind of sympathy is greatly needed today.

6. Bring to the inn and take care of the unfortunate (v. 34).
Genuine love does not leave its service incomplete. Much Christian service is spasmodic; helps once and then leaves a man to care for himself.

7. Gives money (v. 35).
It costs a good deal to be a neighbor. Love is the most expensive thing in the world. It cost God his only Son; it cost Christ his life. May we go to do likewise!

II. Living and Walking in the Spirit (Galatians 6:1-10).
Those who are freely justified in Christ will conduct themselves as follows:

1. Restore the sinning brother (v. 1).
Restore is a surgical term which means the placing back of a dislocated member to its place. We are members of the body of Christ, and the sinning of a brother ought to be as really given us pain as the dislocation of a member of our body. This service is to be done in the spirit of meekness, lest we also be tempted.

2. Bear one another's burdens (v. 2).
Many are the burdens of life, burdens of weakness, temptation, sorrow, suffering and sin. Christ is the supreme burden-bearer. When we do this we fulfill the law of Christ.

3. Bear our own burdens (v. 5).
There are peculiar burdens incumbent upon each one to bear. These burdens cannot be borne by others.

4. Support teachers of God's Word (v. 6-8).
It is incumbent upon those who are taught in the Word of God to give of their means for the support of the teacher. To repudiate this obligation is mockery of God, for he ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel (1 Cor. 9:14).

5. Be earnest in well-doing (v. 9).
Some fall of the reward because they give up when the goal is about to be reached.

6. Work for the good of all men (v. 10).
The one who is free in Christ will have sympathies and interests as wide as the race. He will especially strive to help those who are members of Christ's body.

The Why of It.
Why was the war? Why did Providence permit such an accursed thing to enter the portals of world life? Who can answer this question? The Times will not make the attempt. But perhaps, after it is all over, we may be able to penetrate the mystery; and we may see that the peoples of the earth had to be scourged into a realization of the imperative of the Sermon on the Mount. No, that was not a mere bit of beautiful sentiment. The world cannot live selfishly. The world must acknowledge the brotherhood of man. The war must teach the nations to give up their brutal, selfish creed.—Los Angeles Times.

Dispel Darkness.
The thought that comes to me as I see the light of day is that the intention of the Creator was to dispel all darkness by the light of his will. And just as I step into the light, so should I walk in the knowledge that I receive, and walk and walk till the sun of knowledge shines in the meridian glory. That will not shine here. That consummation must surely be where all light comes from. Teach me to love light rather than darkness, and climb to the highest pinnacle of knowledge that I might have the blessing of its rarefying power.—The Cry of a Persian Teacher, 17th.

The KITCHEN CABINET

Some say that we should eat to live,
And some say live to eat,
But look at it which ever way,
'Tis true, to live, we eat.

SUGGESTIONS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

When choosing fish see that the eyes are bright, not glazed and sunken, with flesh firm and odor good.

It is up to you to protect against the baker's carts being carried uncovered from the cart or bread handled with the uncovered hands of a driver. See that each loaf is wrapped in sanitary paper or that the basket is protected from dust and germs.

Before using a casserole or any earthen baking dish, temper it by putting it into cold water and boiling it, then let it cool gradually.

Add sugar to the fruit when using it for sauce; after it is partly cooked it will require less sugar to sweeten it.

Keep a little powdered pumice to remove stains from under the nails. Apply with a toothpick or an orange stick.

Look to see that your milk bottles are holding the standard measure. Wipe carefully before opening and pouring out the milk or cream.

An easy way to fill preserve jars is to use a gravity boat. The handle makes it easy to dip and the spout is just right to enter the jar top.

Surgeons' plaster is most useful for many things. Bind a piece over a hard corn or callus. This will keep them moist and, like the wicked, they "will cease from troubling."

When hot fat is spilled on the floor dash on cold water at once. This will cool and harden the fat and it can, most of it, be scraped off before it has soaked into the wood.

When the cane seats in chairs begin to sag wet them with hot sponges on the bottom, rinse in hot water and dry.

Use the small-sized clothespins, as they stay on better than the larger ones.

Never let dishwater dry in the towels; rinse first in cold water to harden and remove the grease. If any, then wash in hot sponges, rinse again and dry. Towels treated in this way and not used on baking dishes will keep white.

Keep a cork on the letter file or spindle on the desk. It may save an eye or more.

The art of cooking cannot be learned out of a book any more than the art of swimming or the art of painting. The best teacher is practice, the best guide, sentiment, says Louis Fourteenth. We would add to sentiment a little sense, for good cooking needs judgment as well as sentiment.

SUMMER SALADS.

There is but one meal a day and that is the first, when a salad is not served or we feel that the meal lacks balance.

There are so many kinds of fruits, fish, fowl and vegetables that lend themselves to salad making that none need be deprived of one to his taste.

Wedding Salad.—Serve half of a canned pear or a very ripe fresh one on heart leaves of lettuce, cover with cubes of pineapple, blanched almonds and the usual mayonnaise dressing. If a bit of color for garnish is desired a maraschino cherry is added.

Chopped young tender well-cooked beets, mixed with mayonnaise dressing that has been tinted a light pink, makes a beautiful salad, and is as good as it looks. Asparagus and string beans make a most satisfying combination, served with French dressing.

Thinly sliced crisp red radishes used as a garnish, unless some other color is used, makes a pretty salad out of simple foods. Too many colors should never be used in any dish, our artists tell us, and surely we would not mix colors, even in a salad, which were not agreeable to each other.

A spoonful of several left-over dishes will often make a most tasty salad. The things at hand and the genius of the cook will often produce pleasing surprises.

Veal and Chicken Salad.—Cut bits of tender chicken and veal which have been cooked and seasoned together, add chopped celery to taste, or, lacking enough, a little tender white cabbage. Let stand with a light dressing of French dressing to season and serve with a boiled dressing. A cupful of mayonnaise or boiled dressing is usually sufficient for a quart of salad.

The blanched leaves of tender dandelions with lettuce is a most valuable salad combination, good for a tonic.

Surprise Salad.—Cut in bits two cold cooked lamb chops, freed from skin and bone. Make a jelly by straining and seasoning a cupful of tomato pulp and adding an eighth of a box of gelatin. Fill small cups and when nearly firm stir in the meat, cover well with the gelatin and chill. Unmold on lettuce leaves and serve with any desired salad dressing.

Eels for Canning.
Canned and dried eels are new enterprises talked of in Japanese fishing circles, as these fish are found almost everywhere along the coast. At present only a limited amount of these young eels is eaten, by far the larger proportion being used for fertilizer.

A Confusing Invitation.
A man named Dodgin had been appointed foreman in a brickyard, but his name was not known to all the employees. One day while on his

round he came across two men sitting in a corner smoking, and stopped near them. "Who are you?" asked one of them. "I'm Dodgin, the new foreman," he replied. "So are we," replied the other workers. "Sit down and have a smoke."

Oil Engine Needs Little Fuel.
A French inventor claims the record for efficiency for an oil engine that has a fuel consumption of less than forty pounds per horse power per hour.

WHAT CAN WE DO?

From the Red Cross Bulletin, issued at Washington, D. C., July 8, the following article appears about the motor corps service:

"More than six thousand women now are included in the personnel of the Red Cross motor corps service. As a result of a conference recently held in Washington at the call of the director of the bureau of motor corps service, the motor service in six of the principal cities of the country which previously had been independent in its organization, was amalgamated with the Red Cross corps. This makes the Red Cross motor corps service a thoroughly co-ordinated institution, able to meet the local and inter-local demands for transportation throughout the length and breadth of the land on a nationalized basis.

The organizations which have become parts of the Red Cross motor corps service are the motor messenger service of Philadelphia, the National Service League motor corps of Atlanta, the National Service League motor corps of New York city and Buffalo, the emergency motor corps of New Orleans, and the emergency drivers of Chicago. All these organizations were represented at the conference by their commanding officers, who now become commanders of the Red Cross motor corps service in their respective cities. The four independent services

added more than six hundred members to the motor corps ranks.

In the comparatively few months during which the national bureau has been in control of the volunteer motor corps of the various cities, important progress has been made in efficiency and uniformity of service. Rules and requirements have been standardized so that those not enthusiastically sincere in their work find no interest in the service. Under the conditions existing a certified driver feels pride in her position.

In conformity with the request of the war department the uniform of khaki and the insignia formerly employed have been discarded. The new regulation uniform of the motor corps is to be of Red Cross oxford gray. Commanders will wear three silver diamonds, embroidered on their shoulder straps. Captains will wear two silver diamonds, first lieutenants one, and second lieutenants a gilt diamond. Pearl gray tabs on the collar will indicate staff officers. Service stripes will be worn on the sleeves.

The cars of the service are to be distinguished by a white metal pennant, bearing the red cross and the words "Motor Corps." This and the driver's identification card will be sufficient to give the cars the right of way when on official business.

Georgette and Satin Join Forces

Georgette crepe and satin have rivaled one another in afternoon gowns during the present summer, with georgette the choice a little more often than satin. But with summer on the wane, the indications are that satin will outstrip georgette and hold first place in fashion's favor. A lovely gown is shown in the picture, in which these two beautiful materials have joined forces to make a dress of wonderful distinction in which beige colored georgette and black satin are brightened with a beaded passementerie. It is one of the new evolutions that have come along in the train of slip-over garments.

There are several features in this new model that will commend it to the woman who has present need of a new afternoon gown. We have come to the place where it goes without saying that an afternoon gown will do double duty as long as it survives the demands made upon it for both afternoon and evening; for it must take the place of evening gowns. To begin with the most essential of all things, this particular model has beautiful lines. It is cut in an original manner with a narrow yoke and upper portion of the sleeves in one. The body of the gown hangs in straight lines from the yoke, to which it is attached with hem-stitching. The lower part of the long flaring sleeve is joined to the upper portion in the same way.

The lower part of the gown shows two wide bands of black satin, one of them set on to an underslip of silk and the other to the georgette of the frock. Where these are joined two narrow bands of beaded trimming, in black and beige, make a very rich and effective finish. The sleeves are banded with this trimming at the hand. The underslip is of beige colored foulard, with a black scroll design in it, but plain foulard or taffeta is as good a choice for a gown that is to do duty for evening wear. The narrow sash is of black satin and loops over at the back, weighted at

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile, But what have we been doing? We shall bring to each lovely life a smile. But what have you brought today?

EVERYDAY FOODS.

"Eat an extra potato and save a slice of bread" has been our slogan for several weeks and will be for weeks to come for all who are trying to conserve food.

The custom in England which has always prevailed, that of serving no butter with the dinner when meat and meat sauces are used, is one worthy of our observation, for fats are much needed for our muscles and as necessary as meat. Here is a good dish to conserve both wheat and meat:

Cornmeal Cheese Dish.—Put two cupfuls of water and a half teaspoonful of salt over the fire; when boiling hot add a cupful of cornmeal mixed with a cupful of cold water, adding the moistened meal gradually, stirring constantly, keeping the mixture at the boiling point. When all the meal has been added, set the boiler over boiling water and cook for an hour longer, stirring occasionally.

Just before serving, stir in a cupful of grated cheese. Serve sprinkled with grated cheese. Onions on toast will conveniently piece out a light dinner, or serve as a vegetable on fish day. Pare, chop and cook in butter one Spanish onion, add pepper, salt, and a teaspoonful of sugar, cover and cook until tender. Spread on slices of buttered toast, flatten a tablespoonful of mashed potato on top of each, dust with grated cheese and set in the oven long enough to melt the cheese.

Onions in Ramekins.—Peel and boil a quart of onions, drain and break them up. Add pepper, salt, a little sugar and a small lump of sweet fat of any kind, add a half cupful of grated cheese and a cupful of smooth tomato sauce. Line well buttered ramekins with mashed potato, fill the center with the onion mixture, dust the top with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

The dish is most satisfying with white sauce instead of tomato, using the cheese just in the same manner.

Banana Balls.—Use a French potato scoop and cut balls from firm but ripe bananas. Let them marinate in French dressing, then roll in chopped nuts or serve plain.

The left-over bits of banana may be used in countless ways; put through a sieve and added to other fruit juices, or creamed, then frozen, it makes a delicious ice cream.

Make it yourself. Start with an old broom. Cut the straw off just below the wires which hold it to the handle. Cover this with an old stocking and sew on to this covering the legs of other old stockings cut about 12 inches long and slit into 1-inch strips up to 2 inches of one end. Sew these around and around until the mop is of the desired thickness. Then dip the mop into a solution of one-half cupful of melted paraffin and one cupful of kerosene and allow the liquid to dry on

the strips. The mop may be kept moist by rolling it tightly when not in use and covering it with a paper bag.

Designs are Quilted.
Quilted designs continue to please the dressmakers, and women are being persuaded to wear them. Elaborate bits of quilting done on chiffon taffeta are used for collars and cuffs, patches on the hips, girdles and hems on skirts.

Reputation is a great inheritance.

Lace in Lingerie.
Lace is still much used in fine lingerie, and the finest of real fil is used with charming effect. It wears well, too, and in these days when we try to buy with wisdom, we think a bit about the durability of our lingerie.

Darning Tip.
When underlacing and darning a sleeve, where you are apt to catch the under side of the sleeve, slip a piece of stiff glazed paper into the sleeve. You can then work freely and feel sure that your needle will not catch through the paper.

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